I Cream, You Cream by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

"Shhh! God, Billy. Shut. Up! You're gonna get us caught."
Billy whines in the back of his throat, leans in close and bites down into the meat of Steve's shoulder through his shirt. Honestly, Steve doesn't sound like he's fairing any better, desperate little pants leaving him as Billy hitches his hips up and into him against the back of the Byers' house.

Dry Humping fic for hoppnhorn ＜3

I Cream, You Cream

Author's Note:

- For hoppnhorn.

  > I saw on Tumblr that hoppnhorn was craving some dry humping fic, and I am ALWAYS down with dry humping - so here we are! I hope you guys enjoy ;)

"Shhh! God, Billy. *Shut. Up*! You're gonna get us caught."

Billy whines in the back of his throat, leans in close and bites down into the meat of Steve's shoulder through his shirt. Honestly, Steve doesn't sound like he's fairing any better, desperate little pants leaving him as Billy hitches his hips up and into him against the back of the Byers' house. Billy fists one hand into Steve's thick hair as he other finds its way into the back pocket of Steve's jeans, urging him closer.

"Ha! I-*fuck*-I don't care. Fuck, 'm so horny. Could feel you. Fuckin' leakin' out of me at the goddamn dinner table."

"Oh fuck," Steve swears, clutching at Billy's hip. Billy is so hard, has been for ages. His jeans leave very little to the imagination. If the wry look Nancy had shot him was anything to go by, Steve wasn't the only one who had noticed. Steve can see the fat, thick outline of Billy's cock, just barely contained by his stupidly tight jeans. Looks downright painful. Steve makes a soft sound as he looks down, sees his own cock pushed up against Billy's. It's so fucking hot. The dirty, desperate grind of their hips together, the way their cocks slide and press and hitch.

Billy's throws his head back against the house with a crack as Steve fucks against him just right, Billy's sensitive cockhead dragging against the inside of his jeans, against Steve's hard dick, "Can-*ah fuck*-can still feel you leakin' outta me. Filled me up so good, so fuckin' deep. Blew such a big fuckin' load. I love it, God, I love it."

Billy's shaking apart against him. Steve growls at the way Billy's

precome is beginning to soak through his jeans -not enough to cause a scene, not yet, but certainly enough to notice if your gaze happened to drop below his belt. Steve can barely hear the sounds of Will's birthday party raging inside anymore, not with Billy's constant stream of filth, not with his little whines and moans and grunts as they bump and grind together.

"Jesus Christ, you're such a fucking slut."

"Uh huh."

"You gonna come like this, baby?"

"Uh huh."

"Yeah? Gonna cream your pants for me?"

"Fuck, Steve."

Steve slips a hand around the side of Billy's hip to his ass, slides two long fingers down the crease of Billy's jeans and pushes against his hole. Billy howls and Steve has to bring his other hand up, crush it against Billy's mouth to muffle his cries. Steve doesn't stop thrusting against Billy, cocks slip-sliding beneath the denim. Even through his jeans Steve can feel the way Billy's body gives, his fucked out hole opening up for him. Steve pushes a little harder, rubs firmly over Billy's hole until Steve can feel his own come begin to soak through the back of Billy's jeans. Steve moans when he feels it, damp against his fingers.

Billy's panting hot and wet into the palm of Steve's hand, licking and sucking and biting at the salty, sweaty skin. Billy's gone pink all over, pupils blown and eyes glassy as his body trembles against Steve. Steve keeps his fingers pressed tight against Billy's hole as he bites at Billy's jaw, throws his full weight into his thrusts, grinding his cock into Billy's so hard it almost hurts. Billy is giving as good as he's getting, bites down sharply into Steve's palm until Steve hisses and drops his hand to Billy's throat. "I'm gonna come, *Steve*, I'm gonna fuckin' come," Billy whimpers, fucking his cock into Steve's and then pushing back into the sweet press of Steve's fingers.

Steve gives Billy's throat a little squeeze as he folds into Billy, forehead pressed against Billy's, sharing in his breath as he rolls their hips together hard and fast, cockheads catching. Steve knocks his forehead against Billy's, drawing back just enough so that he can watch the way Billy's entire body coils up tight before his cock kicks up against Steve's and he pulses into his jeans. Steve whines at the obvious throb of Billy's cock as hot come blooms outward from the little wet spot turning the denim a dark blue. Billy squirms against Steve, strong hands gripping at Steve's ass, urging him against his hip, his thigh, "C'mon, c'mon, we're not done. Wanna watch you blow."

"Shit, keep talking," Steve groans against Billy's jaw as he finds and rides the sharp ridge of Billy's hipbone.

"See what you did to me, baby? I'm a fuckin' mess. You did that. God, I'm so fuckin' wet, everywhere. I'm *soaked*. Everyone's gonna know what we were doin' out here. Everyone's gonna know how much of a slut I am for you, how bad I need that fuckin' dick. Fuck, I love watchin' you come. C'mon, let's see what you got for me. Let's see if you got anything left."

There's a challenge in Billy's voice that Steve is more than happy to meet. Steve goes rigid against Billy with a choked off cry against his skin as he comes, cock surging against Billy's hip as he floods his jeans. Billy's panting hard, heartbeat thundering in his ears as he watches each pulse and spurt soak through Steve's jeans until his wet patch is almost twice the size of Billy's. Billy drags the pad of his thumb across the head of Steve's cock, rubs until his thumb is wet and Steve is slapping his hand away, spent and oversensitive.

Billy grins before catching Steve's mouth with his, kissing him hot and slow. Steve breaks it with a laugh, bumps his hips gently into Billy's.

"What are we going to do about all this then, huh?" he asks, nodding at the mess between them.

They manage to sneak their way inside and into the bathroom with

no more than a semi-suspicious glance from Hopper. They're feeling pretty damn pleased with themselves, that is until Nancy walks in to find Billy on his knees, Joyce's hair dryer in hand, cool air aimed at the front of Steve's jeans.

"Ooookay," she says slowly, nodding like she understands before backing out and closing the door behind her. Billy looks up at Steve to find a pained look on his face.

"So close, Pretty Boy, so close."